

What to Do with Foxes - A Sonnet
by
Andrew Pudewa

With their clucks and their strutting the yard—a dozen happy hens
Roaming free, scratching worms, safe, protected by the sturdy fence.
Mother loves them, gives them grain; like the Pied Piper they follow her.
Every night in the coop, perching close, cooing low and secure.

In the shadows behind and between, there he lurks out of place,
Denizen of field, farm, and forest, stranded in city space.
With instinct ever forcing his movement, hunger, blood lust,
Slyly and silently midday in sunshine, attack he must.

A vulpine marauder, he quickly sprints, a leap and fatal bite,
Sharp canines crushing pullet heads, ripped from bodies—hens in flight!
Now five dead with their corpses and feathers all scattered about.
Now without feast he must flee the broom-wielding woman's crazed shout.

Animal-loving town dwellers may be tree-or-fox-huggers,
But we who keep chickens, know what to do—just shoot the muggers!